

Academy Herald.



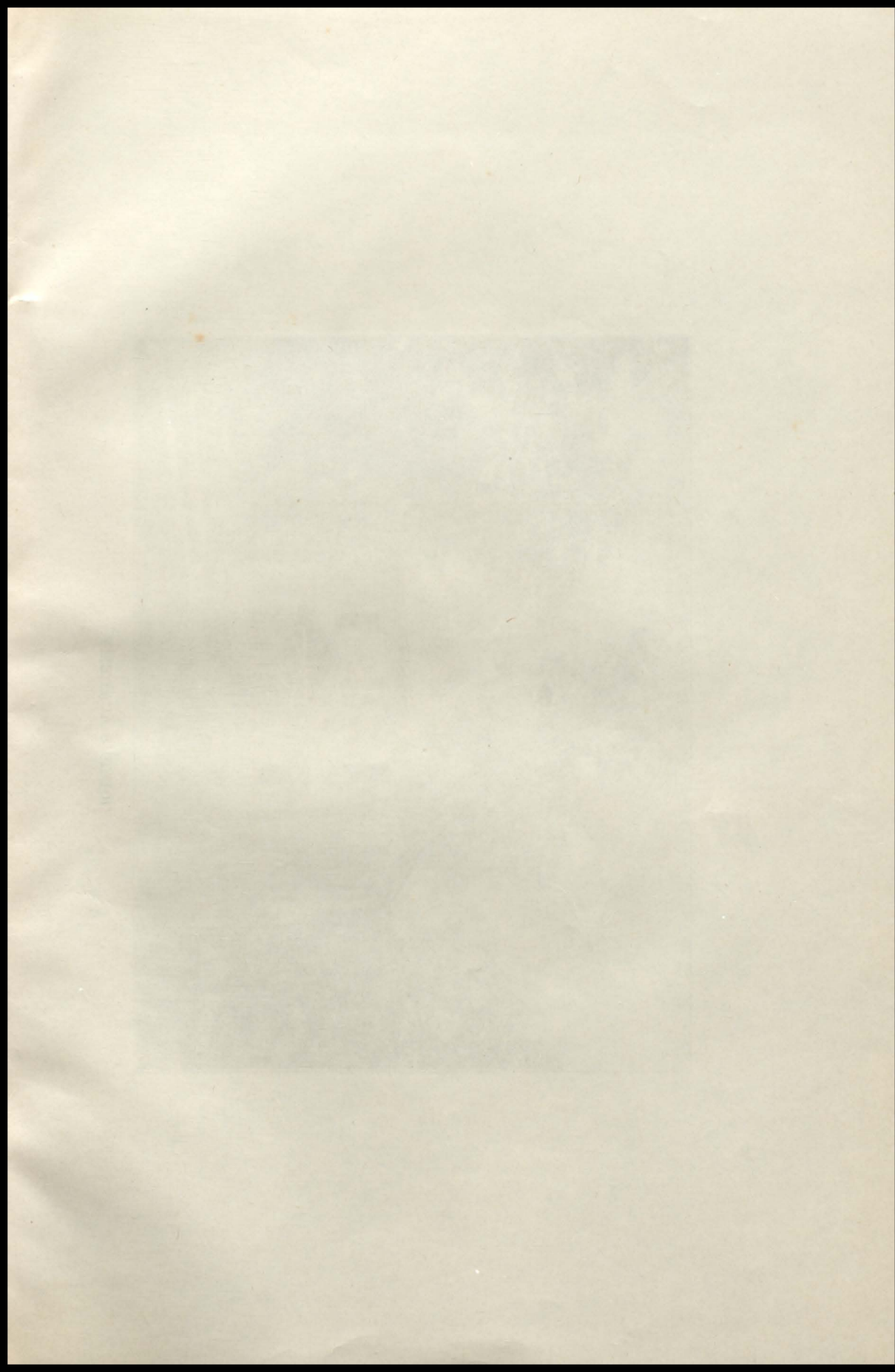
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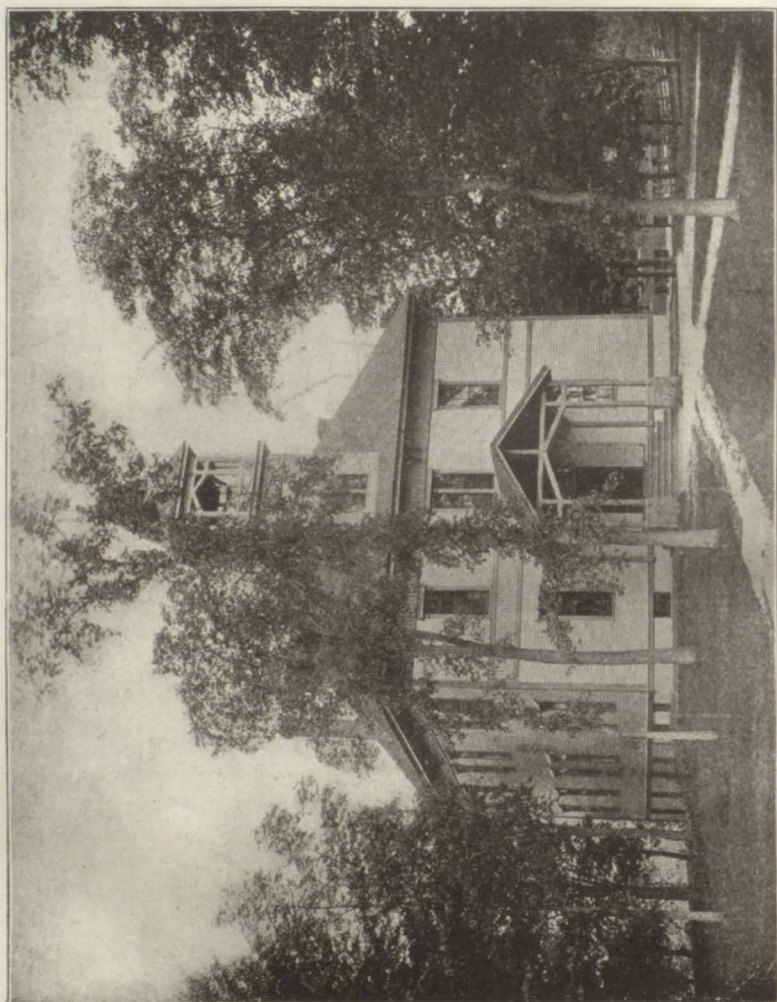
1911

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

Gould's Academy, one of Maine's oldest and best fitting schools, offers three courses of study, College, Academic and Normal,—Certificate privilege. Expenses as low as the lowest, instruction equal to the best. Send for catalogue.

FRANK E. HANSCOM, Principal,
BETHEL, MAINE.





GOULD'S ACADEMY.

The Academy Herald

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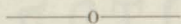
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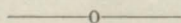


The opening of the present school year at Gould's means to some the last year here, and certainly we want to make it the best year for us all. In looking over the past we all see places where, if we were permitted to go back, we would try to do better, but as that is impossible, with heads erect let us press forward firmly resolving to do the best we can. We are all truly weavers on the great loom of Life. The wrong threads that we wind on the shuttle show, after weaving, tangled looking places marring the beauty and firmness of the web. Character weaving might be called one of the most intricate patterns in each one's life. Steadily we go on weaving. Sometimes it is a weak or bad colored thread in the shape of a neglected duty, a disdainful look or an ill-natured remark and after years we shall, in looking back, see the ugly-looking break in the pattern we are now fashioning and try to wash away the blem-

ishes with tears of regret. But with what eagerness we shall look for smooth, bright places where the pattern looks all perfect; the colors harmonizing and the edges even. Dear schoolmates let us each and all try to keep our shuttle carrying perfect threads, helping each other in winding thereon the gold and silver woof of love and truth to blend with the bright beautiful warps: faith, hope and charity—remembering that “Allah the Merciful watches ever by our looms.”

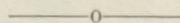


Where many people are associated together with a common object in view, it is necessary for them to work harmoniously if the best results are to be secured. Therefore in our school, as in every school, there should be a feeling of fellowship and a love for the institution. We attend our social gatherings, we shout for our victorious players, but do we, often enough, look about us and give that best proof of fellowship, a cheering word to those who, perchance, cannot win honors in athletics or scholarship? We need more fellowship, we need a stronger spirit of loyalty, for these help us to be true to our best selves. “One for all and all for each” is the spirit that should animate us in all our school relations, and if we cultivate this spirit, our school motto will not be an empty mockery, but an abiding inspiration and benediction.



How much good advice is contained in that old and trite saying, “If at first

you don't succeed, try, try again.” Although most of us long ago became tired of its frequent repetition, yet it is worthy of being followed to-day as in our early childhood. Don't sit around and say, “Oh, I can never get that Virgil,” but get busy. The secret of success is to make every minute count. Do not look at your duties in the mass, but view them singly. Take the first and master that, and before you are aware the whole will be completed. The boy or man who is always ready for “ye nexte thyng” is the one who will make his life a success. “I want you to understand,” said a desultory student, “that is the last deficient I'm going to get,” and he emphasized his words by much smiting of the fists. A good resolve, truly, but he failed to carry it out. Why? Because he did not work in the “living present.” He would say, “Here is this or that which I ought to do; it isn't of very much consequence. I will put off this Algebra to-day and have a doubly good lesson to-morrow.” Yes, but when to-morrow came the same course of reasoning was employed again. It is needless to say that when the next examination came his D's were as numerous as ever. “Our minds may be lulled to ruin by laziness, but acute remorse shall succeed the slumber.” The real test is to do one's duty through the daily grind of repeated toils.



How many of us sometimes say, with mouth drawn down at the cor-

ners, "No, I have no talents. At least, if I have any, they are buried so deeply that I cannot discover them." Is it true that there is one among us who has not some latent talent? Are we not in this world for some purpose? Let us search, then, until we find our buried talent, and not allow it to lie so long unused. In this age of specialization, in order to become a well-rounded character, one must have some special line of development. The talent is there, if we but seek it. There is no reason why each one of us cannot learn to do some one thing well. Self-confidence is a matter, neither of under, or over-estimating self, but rather of self-justice. While our privileges in school are so abundant, may it not be our motto for the year, to find and increase the buried talent.

—o—

The Egyptians used the Nile to fertilize the barren soil of Egypt. Like them let us turn to our use all the streams of opportunity that touch our lives, thus ensuring for ourselves an abundant harvest in life's autumn.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift, We have hard work to do and loads to lift; Shun not the battle, face it, 'tis God's gift."

As the ancient workmen built the pyramids, stone upon stone, so let us build our characters, block upon block, toiling as they must have toiled, until we, too, have a structure as firm and lasting as the pyramids themselves.

THE OXFORD HILLS.

With pain and stress and toil we climb the heights;
No road ascends, save the stray winding trail
Of the meek cattle. Vegetation frail,
Ground-pine and moss—a garden of delights,—
Tangles our feet, while every stone invites
A stumble o'er a precipice. We hail
A sheep-path as a blessing,—fain to scale
Nature's great bastion—we, poor timid knights!
Yet what reward is ours! Blue hills unfold
Their lines of glory, rising full and clear
Into the depthless azure. Brown and gold
And scarlet robe the wooded slopes anear
In high magnificence. Lo, at our feet
A vanquished world! And the near Heaven
is sweet.

—Caroline D. Swan.

DEAR OLD GOULD'S.

Bye and bye our school-days end;
Then come life's real joys and sorrows,—
Glad to-days and sad to-morrows,
Hopes and fears which time will send,
Dear old Gould's!
Ever in the inner mind,
In the highest place and dearest,
Where the soul-fire burns the clearest,
Your loved image is enshrined,
Dear old Gould's!

Years will come, and years will go,
Youth and strength forever leave us,
Strife will come, and loss will grieve us,
Heads, fast whitening, will bend low,
Dear old Gould's!

We'll look backward down the years,
To the time when life was brightest,
To the time when hearts were lightest,
And our eyes will fill with tears,
Dear old Gould's!

M. C. H., '14.

INDIANS, PUEBLOS, AND THE DESERT REGION OF THE GREAT SOUTH-WEST.

When an Indian is mentioned in New England we immediately conjure up in our minds a picture of the aboriginal Red man, the first inhabitant of the Atlantic shores, whom our Puritan ancestors found such an inhospitable host. We must be prepared for a very different impression when we meet the Brown men of the South-west. It is also necessary to bear in mind that each tribe of Brown men is distinct and peculiar unto itself, possessing its own racial characteristics, customs, religious practices, and tribal traditions. In fact, there is almost as much difference between the various Indian tribes of the West as there is between Caucasians of different nationalities.

The Indians of Oklahoma and Indian Territory are becoming too civilized to be especially interesting. There, many of them live in their own modern houses and have adopted white manners. Some of them are rich land owners. We visited a ranch in Oklahoma which was owned by a well-to-do squaw, having a white husband. The broad, smooth acres of this ranch were under a high state of cultivation, and were good to look upon. One field was yielding its fourth crop of alfalfa grass, then being harvested. We were presented with some excellent specimens of fruit, large, fair apples from the fine orchards. Two of the sons of this family were then in college, securing the best possible education. Indeed, the higher institutions of learning in the West and South-west contain many Indians among their most promising students.

Upon reaching the heart of the South-west, one soon finds the homes of the Pueblo peoples of to-day, and

remnants of the homes of Pueblo-dwellers and Cliff-dwellers of the past. The name "Pueblo" was applied by the Spanish Conquistadores to the native village communities which they found in New Mexico and Arizona. From sixty-five Pueblos about the middle of the sixteenth century, they have decreased to twenty-six permanently occupied at the present time. It is interesting to note that life in the pueblos to-day remains practically unchanged from what it was at the time of their discovery by the Spaniards.

The Pueblo Indians are prominent among the most interesting, intelligent and picturesque dark-skinned races in the United States. A study of their life and characteristics is a novel pleasure in itself, and repays one for the effort. Theirs is an unique, if not an exalted civilization. They are peace-loving and home-loving people, sufficiently industrious, and conservative in character, cherishing the curious rights of their old religions. The men generally do the spinning and weaving, and engage in tilling the soil to the amount required for their individual needs. The women are the house-builders and owners, and usually make the pottery.

The Pueblo dwellings are substantial and compactly built of stone plastered over with clay mud, usually three stories in height, although four or five stories are occasionally seen. The houses are invariably connected, on the tenement house plan, and are terraced up, so that each story contains one or two rooms less than the first story. The flat roofs are constructed of logs, cedar boughs, close layers of yucca leaves, and clay nearly a foot thick, which is packed and dried so as to form a smooth, water-tight surface. The occupants pass much time on the roofs, for there the fire-wood is stored in stacks and bundles, and on the upper walls are hung drying strings of

meat, corn, peppers, and other articles of food. Chimneys consist simply of a few earthenware vessels with the bottoms broken out, one jar or vessel being secured above another. The original Pueblo dwellings were built with no lower door on the outside, entered by a ladder to the first roof-top, then down another ladder through an opening in the roof; the upper apartments being on the same plan. At present some houses have rude stone steps leading up on the exterior. However, the Pueblo people seem very fond of ladders. This style of entrance was undoubtedly originated to afford protection against hostile invaders, and a group of these stone buildings joined one to another, with rarely an aperture, presents quite the aspect of a fortress. No description of a pueblo would be complete without brief mention of the accompanying kiva, or underground chamber. It has been said that the kiva is both club-house and temple. There are several kivas in each pueblo. The site of a kiva is disclosed by a rectangular elevation of flat stones on the ground in front of the pueblo houses, and from a small opening among the stones a ladder projects, which is the means of entrance. The underground room, averaging twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, has a floor of flat stones, and the walls are plastered with clay mud. In one end of the kiva is the altar, a fantastic sand-picture, surrounded by prayer-sticks decorated with eagles' feathers, and other curious symbols. In these kivas on certain days the secret religious ceremonies of the various orders or fraternities are observed, conducted by the priests. When no ceremonies are in progress, the kivas are occupied by the men, who are usually engaged in spinning.

The inhabitants of the twenty-six occupied Pueblos are divided into four

separate linguistic groups: the Tanoan, the Keresen, the Zunian, and the Shoshonean or Hopi. Of these groups the last two are the most interesting and worth our while to consider. The largest of all pueblos is Zuni, in New Mexico, situated near the sites of the once famous seven cities of Cibola, the story of the search for which forms an interesting chapter in the history of the South-west. This pueblo has some peculiarities of its own. It is not surrounded by a wall like most other pueblos, and many of its houses are five stories in height, so that one is almost persuaded to believe the statement that Zuni dwellings seven stories high once composed this little pueblo city. The Zunians are an ancient race, peaceable and well-versed in Indian art. Zuni pottery is quite famous among Indian products. It is beautiful and artistic, with its geometric-like designs in black, brown, and red, and a fine lustre. These people perform a great many ceremonies relating to their religion; it is said that there is no month in the year when it is not possible to witness one or more of these performances and there are some which are secret, at least to white strangers.

Of all the Pueblo races the Hopi are pronounced the most primitive as well as the most interesting, and there is a plausible theory among students of ethnology that the far-famed Aztecs of early Mexico were the progenitors of the Hopis. In their own tongue "Hopi" means "good people." They are often called "Moki", which is a nick-name given them in derision by the Navajos. They are a peaceful and domestic race, and devote much time to the ceremonial dances which have been practiced by their ancestors for hundreds of years, chief of which is their fascinating but heathenish Snake-dance, in reality an elaborate prayer for rain, held once in two years in

August and lasting nine days. This celebrated dance is attended by many white people. Hopi maidens are extremely pretty, in a dusky style of beauty, and the arrangement of their glossy tresses differs from other Indian methods of hair-dressing. The hair is wound tightly about hoops several inches across, placed just over the ears, making a wheel of hair on each side of the head. This quaint style is a familiar sight in Hopi-land, and is symbolic of the squash blossom, their emblem of the virgin. When a Hopi girl marries her hair is released from the whorl.

One evening in a Hopi Indian house in Arizona I witnessed an Indian dance. It was given as an exhibition by a number of young Hopi men. With their bodies bent forward from the hips and carrying small bone rattles, they commenced rather slowly, prancing around in a circle and chanting in a subdued tone. But the tempo was gradually accelerated, and swaying their bodies and raising their voices to a shrill pitch they made an abrupt finale. Although lasting only about a quarter of an hour, it left one with a weird if not altogether unpleasant impression.

Among the non-Pueblo Indians of the South-west there are two well-known groups, the Apaches and the Navajos, who for centuries maintained a hostile disposition toward the village Indians. Again and again they forced the mild and peaceful Hopis to relinquish their homes of the past and seek new ones elsewhere. As a result of this race conflict the Hopi Pueblos are located on the rocky summits of high mesas, access to which is made only by steep foot-paths. These non-Pueblo peoples differ not only in language, but also in customs and manners. They are naturally nomads and instead of living in carefully-con-

structed and substantial dwellings as do the Pueblo Indians, we find them scattered over the deserts within the limits of their reservations, existing in rude, temporary shelters called hogans.

The Apache, who came down from the North centuries ago, and has been so difficult for civilization to subdue, is still treacherous and rude to some extent. He has a propensity for thievishness, which is practiced alike upon friend and foe. The Navajos have been called the Bedouins of the Desert. Their reservation in New Mexico and Arizona, is one of the largest in the United States, containing about sixteen thousand Indians. In spite of their faults, they have their own accomplishments, and Navajo weaving is famous even in many a foreign land. It is claimed that almost all of the weaving of the Navajos to-day is done by the women. They possess large flocks of sheep which are a source of income to them. The men have a passion for silver jewelry, especially the hand-wrought necklaces and silver decorated belts, made by Navajo silver-smiths. One of the last pictures of the Indian country which left an impression on my memory was of some Navajos riding upon their ponies, leisurely climbing a bluff towards the west where the setting sun was painting the edge of the desert in brilliant colors, sitting as stoically erect and immovable as only Indians can, clad in their gay blankets, not in the least disturbed by our long Santa Fe train; apparently unconcerned were they with modern American civilization.

Scenery of striking contrast is presented adjacent to Flagstaff, Arizona. There is a combination of pine forests, grassy plains, and snowy mountain peaks, with the surrounding desert which offers variety enough to suit the most exacting traveller. Rising

abruptly from the plain, their summits white with snow except for a few weeks of the year, the San Francisco mountains are 13,000 feet above the sea and 6,000 feet above the town of Flagstaff, and can be seen for a hundred miles from many points across the desert. The atmosphere of this elevated region is wonderfully pure, and there is a predominance of clear weather, which facts account for the selection of this location for the observatory which is on a hill near the town.

An excursion from Flagstaff to the cliff ruins of Walnut Canyon is an interesting experience. The drive of about two hours through a picturesque country was safe and enjoyable. The Canyon is really a cleft in the earth surface several miles long, two or three hundred feet deep; and the distance across it was not so great but that objects on the opposite side could be easily discerned. The Cliff-dwellers must have held many neighborly communications across the chasm. The Canyon is entered from the top by a narrow path which is almost hidden from view where it winds down into the Canyon. The ruins lie in a series of chambers, two or three tiers deep according to the strata of rock, on the parallel sides of the Canyon, under shelves of overhanging rock. The front and side walls of the cliff-dwellings were built of stone and cement; some are now decayed, so that only portions of the walls remain, while others are almost wholly intact, showing inner walls still black from the smoke of fires of long ago. We explored the ruins for about three miles along one side of the Canyon, often losing our foot-hold in the accumulations of ruin and finding ourselves in a precarious situation, for these cliff-houses are fixed somewhat like eagles' nests in the crevices of a precipice, and below the narrow shelves of rock

the sides of the Canyon fall sheer to the Canyon floor, which is nearly covered by a growth of walnut trees. Almost inaccessible from the world above, and the overhanging cliffs affording a kind protection, this was without doubt a safe retreat for a persecuted race. Besides, there was the additional inducement of a home at a lessened outlay of labor, for Nature had provided an impervious roof and rear wall.

There is a plausible theory that the Cliff-dwellers were the ancestors of certain Pueblo races, including the Hopi Indians, but it bids fair to remain an unsolved mystery whence this extinct race came and whither it went. The potsherds scattered far and wide, may be some turquoise beads, or rude stone implements, reveal a few secrets of the life of these vanished people. It should be noted in passing that the most remarkable stone implements ever found on this continent were unearthed in the cliff ruins of Arizona. There is evidence of the appreciation of these ruins throughout the Southwest, valuable as relics of a lost civilization, and the importance of their preservation is now realized. This is comparatively a new field for vandals and souvenir cranks, but they had already invaded it when the Government provided stronger protection a few years ago. The Cliff ruins of Walnut Canyon are Government Reservation, and we were accompanied throughout our investigations of the Canyon by a resident official who is both guardian and guide.

Rather gruesome was a natural curiosity passed on the drive to the ruins of the Cliff-dwellers. A huge, black hole, appropriately called the Bottomless Pit, yawned in the earth, and into it a swift stream poured its flood of water, which immediately disappeared from view, possibly thus forming the

origin of an underground river. As if it were not enough to abound in archaeological treasures, Nature has furnished wonderful works of her own in Arizona. In another section of the territory were seen some curious and extensive pictographs and rock carvings on the sides of lofty, massive cliffs. Strange figures of animals, birds, human beings and unintelligible symbols, were clearly cut on the hard rock, perhaps the sign-language of a vanished race. These petroglyphs were not merely the rude attempts that might be imagined but displayed a certain artistic strength. I visited a group of Pueblo ruins, also in Arizona, situated as most of these large ruins are, high up on the summits of steep mesas. There were the foundations of what appeared to have been a large communal house, in which three hundred rooms had been excavated. There are thousands of these ruins in Arizona and New Mexico,—sites of ancient cities, once defensive and defiant, with fortresses and castles crowning the rocky mesas.

An adequate description of a day on the deserts of Arizona would cover much paper, but only a glimpse of such a red-letter day can be given here. To the eyes of a New Englander this land of cactus, sage and mesquite, shadowy canyons, trackless wastes of gleaming white sand, and almost perpetual sunlight is like "a new heaven and a new earth." A singular fascination exists in its vast stretches of horizon akin to that mysterious attraction which lurks in the secret shadows of a dense forest, or on the lap of the wide and mighty ocean. That same dignity of Nature here enthalls even those who fail to penetrate the secrets of its mystery. This elusive charm is not experienced from the windows of a railway carriage; it comes only with direct contact. Once out in the open, beyond the sound of civilization, the

wonder of it all grows upon one, and the cares, distractions and trivialities of modern life are forgotten; the finite and the Infinite, the created and the Creator approach, and the weary soul is lifted to higher levels and refreshed.

Joan S. Kilborn, '96.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Herald.)

A DAY AT OLYMPIA.

"Harry, good brother, Miletus," a fair youth was saying to me as I turned my steps from the altar where was consumed the last sacrifice at the opening of the great games to righteous and omnipotent Zeus.

"Why such haste?" said I, gazing with perplexity at the slender form and fair skin of the speaker. For the voice sounded very familiar to me although I could not recognize the lad.

"Knowest thou not, O, my Miletus, that my brother, Nicias races on the morrow? I desire a good place in the stadium from which the better to observe the spectacle of the sacred contest."

"Nicias!" replied I, "Why, thou canst not mean Nicias of Athens."

"The same, O, worthy lord."

"Ah, but Nicias has not a brother, only a sister, the beautiful and renowned Sappho, whom, proud Aphrodite consenting, I wed, before the next Olympiad. How sayst thou, my brother? Surely I recall thee not, although thy face appears quite familiar to mine eyes."

Then leaning and speaking in my ear the youth said, "Dost thou not know thine own beloved?"

"Sappho!" gasped I, for it was she.

She looked at me a warning, "my name," she said, "is Alcmaeon" (then louder) "I am the brother of lusty Nicias, who shall, by Apollo's divine decree, wear, on the morrow, the wreath of wild olive."

"But, dearly beloved," whispered I, when we were separated slightly from the crowd, "thou knowest well that should a woman be found present at these games, except the maids of the good Ceres, she would be cast headlong from yon towering cliff—"

"Yea, I know. But the divine Apollo so decreed through his oracle at sacred Delphi, that Nicias should win in my presence and none else. Call me now Alcmaeon, I beseech thee."

"Well, come dear Alcmaeon," said I, knowing that by further speech I merely endangered my dearest Sappho. "Come, let us hasten to the stadium."

We gained a seat from whence the course could be plainly seen but where we should be noticed least.

At dawn came the light contests after which would occur the great foot race. The former were over and the prizes assigned in a seemingly short space, when with graceful, balanced steps the contestants for the race came out. Among them was strong Nicias, whose perfect form and great muscles bespoke his correct training. His appearance bespoke endurance and hardihood and it seemed that the oracle must be true and without doubt Sappho felt sure of her brother's winning, for to her the oracle was infallible, while I, being a traveller and adventurer had to some extent lost faith in my native religion.

But let us view for a moment the great stadium, which is six hundred cubits in length. The eager eyes of all Greece are gazing at the runners. Yonder sit the eight judges, Eleans,

to whom Apollo assigned the management of the holy contests, in the days of Iphitus.

Now all are leaning forward for the great race is about to begin.

"See yon Athenian, that is renowned Nicias. He will bear away the prize. For see his grace, his courageous face," said a voice nearby.

The word is given. They are off for the goal. Sappho moves not a muscle so intense is her excitement. Three are breaking away from the rest. But they are hotly pursued. Nicias is not yet running with his utmost as can plainly be seen, but is keeping his strength in reserve for the last great struggle, for the course must be seven times covered. Once they reach the limit. Nicias has fourth place. On the second he takes third which he holds until fifth, when he gains second. He is now running his best.

"O, great Apollo, your decree cannot fail," says Sappho in a whisper as the seventh time begins.

"Athenian! Athenian! he is overtaking Sparta," cries the nearby voice.

It is true that Nicias is ahead, for the Spartan is tiring slightly and is falling back. Twenty-five paces remain. With a sudden burst the Spartan overtakes Nicias.

"Sparta! Sparta!" is the cry. "Thou art in truth the blessed city."

But, no, for behold, the Spartan is falling back again. His last effort is made. Nicias is keeping his steady gait. The Spartan falls back a cubit in the next five paces. Only five paces remain and Nicias with a final effort reaches the goal, four paces in advance of his opponent.

"Athens! Athens ruleth!" is the cry of the noble at my side.

"O, most holy Zeus, thy decree is fulfilled," says the brave Alcmaeon, my Sappho.

The winner is borne away in triumph
to his awaiting glories. The Nician
Olympiad will soon begin.

—H. E. R. '12.

THE CLASS OF 1912.

Once we were "Those merry freshmen,"
In the year of 1908.
Hail us now as sober seniors,
Trying hard to be sedate.
Twenty of us, in that new room,
Gather wisdom day by day—
Like all others we'll bear watching
At our work, for fear we'll play.

If you'd like to hear about us;
Just a sketch to make you smile,
A short yarn I'll spin this morning,
And from you the "blues" beguile.
First upon our list is Farnham—
President of this brave band;
Known as "Brutus," noble "Brutus!"
And for him we take our stand.

Thoughtful ever for all others,
Watchful where her feet do go.
To some star she's hitched her wagon;
That's our Gladys, don't you know?
Then there's Jordan, ever ready
To help boost the cause that's down.
But I'll tell you, it's no secret,
He'll shed tears if girls but frown.

There is one among our number,
Guy, we've always called his name,
But as our Professor Kendyle,
May his talent win him fame.
Merry, mischief, loving Lillian,
Better known as just "Bill Bean,"
Of all those who climb Gould's stairway
Truer comrade ne'er was seen.

If for wisdom you are searching,
And this class you come to scan;

Here you'll find a dictionary
Up to date; for Keene's the man.
And our happy, radiant Florence,
Now, as in the days of yore,
Seems forever bent on learning
All about the Jordan lore.

Gentle Jean, most winsome lassie
With those dark and dreamy eyes,
Happy lad, who in the gloaming
Walks with her to "Paradise."
We are blessed also with beauty
'Mongst our manly, stalwart boys—
Mills, our fair and handsome Francis
Shares our sorrows and our joys.

Here's another right good fellow,
Happy as the birds in June.
Life to "Obie" is no failure,
Only when he tries to "spoon."
Good luck to the tallest member,
May he win what e'er is best,
Absence maketh hearts grow fonder;
Cheer up and be gay, O! West!

Ruth our loyal hearted "Rufus"
When she smiles who wants to frown?
Most all girls like gayer colors,
But she seems "done up" in Brown.
Just the happiest of comrades,
With such pleasant, winning ways,
Think he's kissed the Blarney boulder—
None names Lawler but to praise.

'Tho he never sees the sparkle
Dancing in their eyes so bright,
Has no use for girls or nonsense—
Yet they all say, "Clark's just right."
Tall and stately, fearless ever,
Wit that flashes bright and keen,
Graceful Olive, she's the maiden
Who with Mills is often seen.

Here's another we are sure of,
Thorough student, Rich the strong;
When as lawyer he wins battles,
He will still sing Gould's old song.

Gay Ralph Young, he's ever willing
Basket-ball to go and play,
Yet we think, oftentimes, he'd rather
Down some path with Russell stray.

Sweetest singer of our number,
Back her voice glad memories bring
And in future days, we'll often
Long to hear dear Mona sing.
If you seek a man of business,
Or "for flirting just for fun"—
Fascinating all who know him,
Turn to Philbrook—he's the one.

Yes, there's one who wears a diamond,
Annie, with her auburn crown;
We have asked, in vain, its meaning,
She just blushes and looks down.
Now we pledge a faithful friendship,
Who together long have been,
And whatever fate's before us;
We will play, the game to win.

—Anonymous.

THE GOSSIP OF BEANVILLE.

Miranda Simpkins, better known in Beanville as Mandy, was standing behind the counter in the one store that Beanville boasted. It was post office, grocery, dry-goods store, and meat market, combined. Mandy was weighing out a pound of sugar for Betsy Brown, and talking an incessant stream at the same time.

"Have you heard tell how Jake Mead has been a courtin' of Mary Baker? I don't know whether it is true or not, but Al Watson told me, and you know him and Jake is pretty good friends.

"Mrs. Smith was in here this mornin', and she said that Idy Shell went into the city to-day. Now, I have been a wonderin' what she went for. I know she didn't have no farmin' products to sell for she took them

all in last Saturday, and besides, she went in on the train. I haven't got no use for people who is so close-mouthed that they won't tell any of their affairs to their neighbors.

"By the way, is it true that Deacon Salisbury is going to be ex-communicated from the church for drinkin' too much hard cider? Folks say he is tryin' to explain it by tellin' that he has to drink it for his health, but it don't seem to me that he has any reason to take so much that he gets drunk.

"Oh, yes, has Alice Olson showed you her new hat? She hasn't? Well, the next time you drop in there, ask her to let you see it. It's one of them merry widder affairs. She said it cost five dollars, but I don't believe it, for I picked it up when she wa'n't lookin' and it only had two dollars and fifty cents marked on the inside. Maybe the people she bought it of charged her five dollars because she is innocent like and wouldn't think of jewin' nobody down.

Do you know whether Sol Taylor is a sending his daughter, May, to college or not? I heard that he was going to send her and I was very much surprised, for only last year he told me himself that he thought May could learn all she needed to know from Miss Bell right here in Beanville. Maybe, though, some one of them college fellers that goes out canvassin' students durin' vacations has been here a talkin' to him about it and he has changed his mind. They do say them fellers have the gift of gab.

"It will be a good chance for May to git stuck up, for I have heard tell that nearly all college people get so self conscientious that they have no use for other people. The other day she got a letter and it had her name spelt 'M-a-e.

"I told her I guessed her correspondent didn't know how to spell her

name and she said that she spelt it 'M-a-e' now instead of 'M-a-y,' and, mind you, she was baptized 'M-a-y. That shows how the young folks of to-day are disintegratin'.

"Poor Bill Simmons is havin' lots of trouble, ain't he? What with his oldest gal havin' appendi-something, I don't know what the doctor called it—and him havin' to shoot his best horse, I guess he can testify to the old proverb, 'trouble never comes single.'

"Joe Parsons was in here the other day and said there was goin' to be another grocery store started here. My land! I don't see how Beauville can support another one.

"Is there any mail for you? Yes, you've got a card from someone, who signed themselves A. C. Whoever they be, he or she, is a comin' next week a Thursday. I didn't know you was expectin' company. You never told me about it, when you was in here last.

"Speakin' of mail, that reminds me, Betsy. John Greene got a letter the other day from out West, and up in one corner of the envelope it said, 'The Allison Minin' Company.' You don't suppose John has bought a gold mine without lettin' any of the neighbors know, do you? I don't think it would be a bit considerate of him to do such a thing as that before consultin' his friends.

"Is that all you want today, Betsy? Well, come again. Oh, yes, of course, what I have been tellin' you is just between 'me and you and the gate post' so you won't let it go any further, for if there is one thing on this earth that I hate worse than anything else, it is a gossip."

X. Y. Z.

SONNET TO A BUTTERFLY.

Oh, little, lovely, bright-hued butterfly!
So sweetly happy in your one short day,
So brightly floating on your lightsome way
From flower to flower, I watch you flutter by.
You do not know that shortly you must die,
You do not know that all too soon your play
So innocent, so harmless, and so gay,
Must stop forever, and you quiet must lie,
And never even one pale, sickly ray
Of the great sun you love can reach your heart.

Ah, little thing! 'twill be so short a while
'Ere you are lying motionless, apart;
So, butterfly, I pray, try to beguile
Your one brief day with all your lovely art.

M. C. H. '12

GOULD'S NEW LABORATORY.

For several years the laboratory facilities of Gould's Academy have been totally inadequate to meet the growing needs of the school and the added requirements of the colleges in regard to science teaching. The purchase of the Crowell Physical Laboratory Cabinet a few years ago made it possible to meet the requirements in regard to the teaching of Physics, but the lack of chemicals and chemical apparatus, as well as a room in which they could be used to advantage and profit, necessitated cutting Chemistry out of the curriculum or teaching it in theory only.

Some three years ago the first real move was made toward the acquisition of necessary laboratory facilities, when the annual Academy Fair was held to raise money for this purpose. The amount then obtained has been added to by the proceeds of fairs and entertainments, as opportunity offered, until, in the spring of 1911, nearly \$600

was on deposit in the Bethel Savings Bank, sufficient, it seemed, to warrant the taking of some definite action.

As the sum above named, was raised for equipment, it was hoped that some one could be found who would provide the needed building and endow it with his name, but, while **many** expressed a willingness to help, no **one** seemed ready to assume the whole responsibility.

The first definite contribution, \$100, was made by Charles K. Fox of Haverhill, Mass., an alumnus of the school, whose loyalty and generosity had been tested on several previous occasions. The matter was then laid before the Executive Committee of the Trustees, and it was voted to solicit subscriptions with which to build an annex to the Academy, the same to contain Chemical and Physical Laboratory, together with a much-needed recitation room.

The subscription paper was placed in the hands of Hon. John M. Philbrook, a member of the Executive Committee and a staunch friend of the school. That he performed his duties faithfully and well, and that the friends of the school responded to the call in a generous and hearty manner, the following list of subscriptions will bear witness:

Charles K. Fox,	\$100.00
Dr. J. G. Gehring,	100.00
John M. Philbrook,	40.00
A. E. Herrick,	25.00
J. U. Purington,	10.00
E. C. Bowler,	20.00
D. S. Hastings,	20.00
F. B. Tuell,	10.00
Agnes H. Straw,	25.00
Seth Walker,	25.00
F. L. Edwards,	25.00
N. R. Springer,	20.00
Mrs. O. M. Mason,	20.00
J. C. Billings,	5.00
M. M. Hastings,	10.00

W. E. Bosserman,	5.00
H. H. Hastings,	5.00
F. B. Merrill,	5.00
Ellery C. Park,	10.00
Ernest M. Walker,	10.00
H. A. Packard,	5.00
E. E. Whitney,	5.00
N. F. Brown,	10.00
Marshall W. Davis,	5.00
E. C. Chamberlin,	10.00
Irving L. Carver,	10.00
Harry King,	5.00
Gilbert Tuell,	5.00
Ira C. Jordan,	10.00
Harry E. Jordan,	10.00
A. C. Frost,	5.00
Dr. I. H. Wight,	10.00
J. P. Skillings,	10.00
L. L. Mason,	25.00
Dr. R. R. Tibbetts,	5.00
H. C. Rowe,	5.00
G. P. Bean,	10.00
"A Friend,"	5.00
Wm. J. Upson,	10.00
Dr. John A. Douglass,	5.00
Geo. F. Rich,	5.00
Dr. H. F. Twitchell,	5.00
Charles F. Smith,	5.00
Chas. H. Hastings,	5.00
M. L. Thurston,	10.00
L. E. Holden,	200.00
Joseph S. Rich,	25.00
Gilbert Rich,	5.00
Stephen Rich,	5.00
Albert L. Burbank,	25.00
W. J. Wheeler,	5.00
Albert L. Widber,	5.00
Harry E. Mason,	10.00
Mrs. C. W. Hubbard,	250.00
Total,	\$1,220.00

When the above list was returned to the Trustees, the Executive Board was again called together, and a committee, composed of Hon. A. E. Herrick, Dr. J. G. Gehring and Prin. F. E. Hanscom, was elected to arrange for and supervise the construction of the needed annex. Work was at once begun,

and the opening of the fall term found the new recitation room ready for occupancy, and the laboratory ready for the plumbing and installation of apparatus; while the mid-term found the Chemistry class performing experiments under the skillful direction of Mr. John H. Moore of Allegany College, the new teacher.

It was found that the amount on deposit in the bank would make only a good beginning toward furnishing the new recitation room and equipping the laboratory, but generous friends were again in evidence, and the following sums were placed in the hands of the Principal, to be used for laboratory equipment:

Hon. E. S. Kilborn,	\$50.00
Hon. L. E. Holden,	250.00
Mrs. C. W. Hubbard,	250.00

The laboratory is now equipped in every particular for the teaching of Chemistry, and the needed physical apparatus has been contracted for. With this installed, Gould's Academy will be able to offer her students a course in science equal to that offered by any fitting school in Maine.

While the amount raised by subscription for the construction of the building was not sufficient to meet the expense incurred, one or two good friends have generously offered to give further assistance to help in meeting this deficiency, and it is believed the debt will be wholly removed, as soon as the amount becomes definitely known.

Thus the year 1911 finds Gould's Academy moving forward in accordance with the spirit of the times and still doing her part in an up-to-date manner in giving her children the all-around education which the present day so earnestly demands.

The thanks of those most closely connected with the school go out in generous measure to all who have manifested a willingness to "lend a hand" in this good work. Especially

would we thank Mr. Charles K. Fox, whose contribution gave the needed impetus to the undertaking; our old benefactor, Mr. Holden, who sent such generous help voluntarily; and Mrs. C. W. Hubbard, who, though a "stranger within our gates," was so gracious in her giving that we were almost made to feel that we were conferring a favor in accepting her assistance.

THE COLORS WE LOVE.

The colors we love are the old gold and blue,
We'll fight for them always like patriots true;

All those gone before us have stood by them well,

'Mid trials and troubles no mortal can tell.
They battled their troubles and lessons with zeal,

And stamped all their works with true honesty's seal;

And now all respect it, our banner so bright,
And hail it, our emblem of truth and of right.

The colors we love are the old gold and blue,
We'll stick to them always like patriots true,

We'll cheer for the colors that always shall be

Loved, honored, respected, from failures so free.

We'll never desert it, this banner of Gould's,
But honor and prize it, by loyalty ruled;
Too well we respect it, and dear old Gould's name,

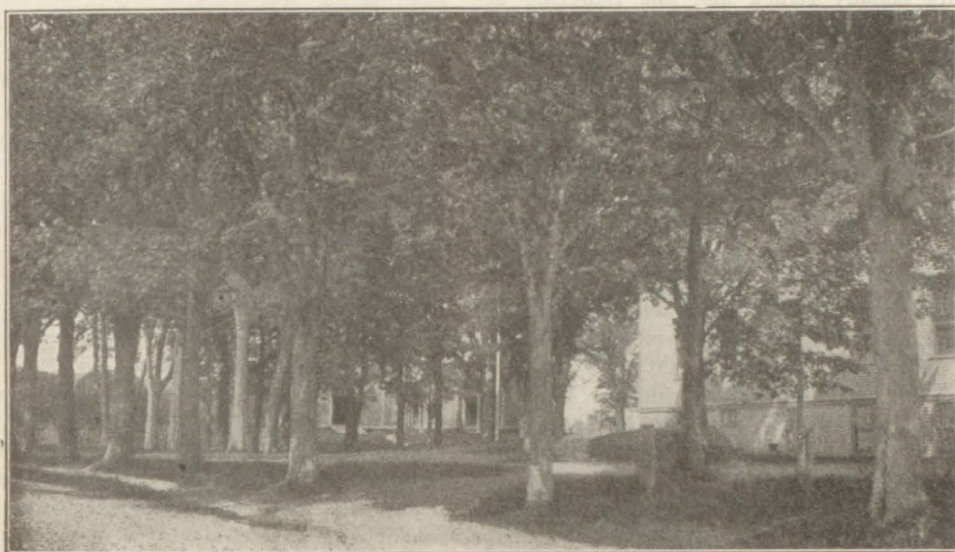
By loyalty guarded, shall never know shame.

Oh, emblem of beauty, oh, emblem of right,
We love thy dear colors, our banner so bright,

Oh, friend of our school-days we love thy pale blue,

And to the dear banner we'll always be true.

Adapted by G. B., '12.



THE GOULD'S CAMPUS.

MORRIS PRATT'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

NOVEMBER 29, 1911.

Academy Hall was filled to overflowing upon the last day of the fall term with a sympathetic audience, called together upon an unusual occasion.

Upon the desk stood a photograph of a young man. From the easel which held it streamed the stately colors of Amherst College, royal purple and white. Flowers drooped above the pictured face, and there was a gentle murmur of conversation, betokening a memorial service, as well as the keeping of a birthday.

Guests from Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York and Boston joined members of the Board of Trustees, the clergy and patrons of the school in recognition of a meeting of special interest.

Principal Hanscom read a few impressive verses from the Bible, and the

school sang with great feeling, "The Lord Is My Shepherd." Mrs. J. G. Gehring then gave the following address:

ADDRESS.

Twenty-six years ago on the twenty-ninth day of November, a son was born into a home where great wealth and an ancestry of unusual culture gave an ideal environment. It was a Christian home, and the child was received as a royal trust.

As years went on, this eldest son of a family of brothers and sisters held a peculiar position of nearness to the parents as the one who would carry on in the world the work with which consecrated wealth can bless humanity. His life was shaped and directed by the wisdom that would prepare the receiver of great gifts to be also a giver.

There was a beautiful radiant childhood; a happy youth till prostrated by typhoid fever while preparing for college, and one year at his chosen Alma Mater, Amherst College. Then a still deeper cloud came over the "gleaming morn." A strange, ob-

severe malady struck him and suffering became his constant companion.

All that medical skill could bring to bear was exhausted, and at last he came to Bethel. Months of patient obedience finally brought what seemed to be a steady upward climb, and hope once more filled all the hearts that loved him. But the treacherous malady admitted of no such restorations, and sudden death released him from the brave, bitter struggle for earthly existence.

The qualities of his character were so unusual, and his short life has made so deep an impression among us, that it is my privilege to come here today and preface what I have to tell you later by the recognition that I can give of this brave boy's life, as I have known it.

His quiet endurance of physical sufferings was remarkable: the lips pale with pain would always smile, and the eyes brighten with responsiveness. But even finer than the physical struggle was the absolute absence of one trace of self-pity, bitterness, or envy, when he had to stand aside in the race and see others pass him on the way to the coveted goals.

Can one overestimate what it was to the young soul to see his class go on without him, and to have the younger brother bring the first bride into the family,—but there was never one word that was not generous in utter selflessness or a tone one would regret to hear. In his eyes instead was often a look of sublime renunciation.

Surely Morris Pratt did not need a long life! He had already gained the heights which this world's experiences are the steps unto for the rest of us.

Perhaps the most endearing trait of all, was in his quick recognitions. Did one speak to him, or greet him with a smile, or show a little courtesy, instantly there was a generous response. The "instinctive gentleman" often rose to my thought as I received the quick answer that always returned a courtesy with a courtesy.

Let a village-need fall upon his listening ear, he would slip into my hand a generous

sum, asking that the gift should not be mentioned.

Often in the twilight Sunday talks with my young people he would join us, and one felt the absolute simplicity of soul and freedom from the "pride of life" in which his great wealth might have ensnared a lesser nature. And I am meeting you here today, looking into young faces which show that health is making this world beautiful and all things seem possible, to tell you the story of this life which looked its last upon earth here among our hills, and to tell you how he still lives among us.

I have, entrusted to my care, the sum of two hundred dollars as a birthday gift from Morris Pratt's beautiful life, through his parents, to be distributed in prizes for earnest endeavors and improvement during this school year. Not alone for scholarship, but for growth in character, as shown both in and out of school, during the months that lie between us and the June graduation.

And that is why I have told you something of the strong and sweet qualities Morris Pratt gained by earnest endeavor in his hard struggle while with us and which we can feel solemnly sure have raised him in the spiritual world to heights of power and blessedness beyond our highest thoughts.

At Amherst College the corner-stone of a beautiful dormitory is being laid upon this birthday, given in Morris Pratt's name, and upon its walls a fine painting of the young student will forevermore speak to young men of a life of earnest endeavor.

Here, with our simple means of expression, we can only speak his name, surround his pictured face with flowers, and hope that this hour of recognition of what he was, and what his parents are doing for you, will deepen and sweetly solemnize those who will strive for prizes, feeling that nothing of ignoble rivalry must sully these helps for more earnest effort in all that is enduring. And thus we are keeping Morris Pratt's birthday with reverence, with gratitude, and a deep sense of responsibility, as this trust is accepted.

At the close of our Civil War, James Russell Lowell was chosen to write the Commemoration Ode that was to be used at the dedication of Memorial Hall in Cambridge, which was erected in memory of the Harvard students who fell in the awful struggle for our Country. The best blood in the whole world flowed from those young heroes' wounded bodies, and Lowell, who had sadly borne the sacrifice of three beautiful young nephews, felt himself unable to write. But the night before the day of dedication, in a great flame of spiritual uplift, he wrote in eight consecutive hours his masterpiece, known as the Commemoration Ode, and these lines seem to include Morris Pratt as belonging in this glorious throng of youths who wore the martyr's crown of suffering as heroes should.

"Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in the high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!"

Morris Pratt's body lies in a beautiful granite chapel in the grounds of the stately home he loved so well. Above his stilled heart lies a palm, and the colors of Amherst College, sent here by his mother today, drape his last resting-place,—purple and white, symbols of royalty and purity.

From this hour let the name of Morris Pratt, in the life of Gould's Academy, become "part of our life's unalterable good, of all our saintlier aspirations," and November 29th be henceforth reverently remembered.

In accepting the gift, Principal Hanscom said in part:

It becomes my duty, in behalf of the school and its officials, to accept this trust with all its high purposes and its attendant responsibilities. I have always cherished the belief that the highest purpose of our schools should be to lay the foundation of a worthy and upright character. Every true teacher prizes true worth more than mental brilliancy, and wishes his pupils, first of all, to be honest, industrious and courteous, to love the good, the true and the beautiful, and to aspire to do something and be something of value in the world. And so I am pleased to note that it is the wish of the donor of these prizes, that, while scholarship must, of necessity, have its rightful place in determining who are most deserving of the honors to be conferred, at the same time, the cultivation of those qualities that make for sound character, that indicate earnest purpose and a high and clear conception of honor will play a prominent part in influencing the decision of those whose duty it will be to make the awards.

The young man in whose memory these prizes are offered was granted but a short life. No life, however, is measured by its length in years, but, rather, by the influence which it exerts, directly or indirectly, upon other lives. If these prizes shall stimulate even a few of these young people to try to make of themselves something more, or better, or finer than they otherwise would have been, they will have served their true purpose, and the influence of this young life will go on and on. It requires but the casting of a pebble into a quiet lake to cause a ripple that will break upon the farthest shore, and it is quite possible that some little wave of influence may be set in motion here this afternoon that will expand and vibrate throughout all eternity.

It is my earnest hope and prayer that these prizes may not engender a single feeling of jealousy, or envy, or bitterness toward schoolmate or classmate, and that there will be no spirit of unfriendly rivalry. The manifestation of such a spirit would stamp its possessor as unworthy of sharing any honors. It is also my sincere wish that every pupil in the school will become a contestant, but in so

doing I would impress upon you that the one opponent whom you have to fear above all others is the one who sits in your seat, wears your clothes and answers to your name. I would have you strive to excel, not your schoolmate, or your classmate, but yourself. I would have you strive to do your work each day a little better than it was done the day before. I would have you strive to be a little more studious, a little more courteous, a little more trustworthy, a little more thoughtful, more mindful of the rights of others, more loyal to your school and to all its interests. If you succeed in doing this, though you may not win a prize, for the number of prizes will, of necessity be limited, yet you will have won something of far more lasting value, a higher self-valuation and the profound respect of your teachers and your associates.

Mrs. I. H. Wight then sang with exquisite simplicity, "There Are Roses in God's Garden," and with cordial expressions of gratitude for the privilege of being present at a memorial service, which ended in a living benefit, the audience went on its homeward way, bearing into a hundred homes the memory of one, whose name will now become a household word, and where Nov. 29th will become a day of grateful recognition.

SCHOOL DAYS AND FOOL DAYS.

When your school days stop your fool days start.

Learning regulates earning.

You can't travel on yesterday's steam or last year's information.

When you exhaust your knowledge you've exhausted your usefulness.

What have you done to replenish the ideas you've utilized?

How can you hope to hold your place if you don't hold your pace?

The earth takes a fresh turn every twenty-four hours, so must you. If you stand still you're lagging behind.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my
dear."

Mona Martyn.

"Oh, whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad."
Annie Newcomb.

"He knows little, who will tell his wife
all he knows."

Ernest Bowler.

"Be plain in dress and sober in your diet;
In short, my dearie, kiss me and be quiet."
Olive Wardwell.

"One pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villian.
A mere anatomy."

Charles Tuell.

"The Sophomore's darling."
Lina Kimball.

"There's nothing like being used to a
thing."

Ralph Young.

"Alas! how slight a cause can move
Dissension between hearts that love."
Carrie Kirg.

"True as the dial to the sun, although she
be not shined upon."

Edith Marsden.

"He who chooseth me must give and
hazard all he hath."

Margaret E. Herrick.

- "Old friends are best."
Florence Springer.
- "The singing singers, with vocal voices
most vociferous.
In sweet vociferation, out vociferate even
sound itself."
Earle Farnham.
- "And has a face like a blessing."
Miriam Cole.
- "We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."
Wilfred Foster.
- "His was of a lean body and visage."
Carroll Valentine.
- "I'll warrant him heart whole."
Clyde Lapham.
- "There was never a fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass."
Alta Cummings.
- "All that we ask is to be let alone."
Carl Brown.
- "Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way."
Arthur Cummings.
- "A bold, bold man."
John Harrington.
- "Deeper than plummet did ever sound,
I'll drown my books."
Philip Wight.
- "Pray take pains
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit."
Perry Judkins.
- "His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home."
Norman Hamlin.
- "I never take a nap after breakfast but
when I have had a bad night; and then the
nap takes me."
Edith Kimball.
- "As headstrong as an allegory on the
Nile."
Maude Vail.
- "A good dinner lubricates business."
Mr. Moore.
- "I never saw so young a body with so old
a head."
Margaret C. Herrick.
- "I saw and loved."
Charles Small.
- "His very feet have music as he comes
down the stairs."
Alton Bartlett.
- "Beshrew me, but I love her heartily."
Cleve W. St.
- "Parker hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth."
Ara Burgess.
- "Men are seldom blessed with good for-
tune and good sense at the same time."
George Roberts.
- "Speech is the gift of all, but thought of
few."
Leroy Hamlin.
- "The elevator to success is usually crowd-
ed; try the stairs."
Howard Tyler.
- "Unnoted as the setting of a star
He passed."
Gard Goddard.
- "Faults doubtless had he."
Harold Chandler.
- "There's nothing on earth he is not com-
petent to do."
Prof. Hanscom.
- "Please bear this in mind."
Lila Tracy.
- "It is a comely fashion to be glad."
Leo Cole.
- "Nothing is so injurious as unoccupied
time."
Doris Frost.
- "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness."

"Get money, still get money, boys;
No matter by what means."

Walter Keene.

"After-wits are dearly bought;
Let thy forewit guide thy thought."

Urban Bartlett.

"Happiness is no laughing matter."

Sylvia Swan.

"Ah me, ah me, whence are we or what
are we?"

French Verbs.

"The weary Titan, with deaf ears and
labor-dimmed eyes."

Dana Grant.

"I am weary with correcting the mistakes
of the heedless."

Miss Pratt.

"A comely old man, as busy as a bee."

Henry Tenney.

"He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress them-
selves."

Percy Farnham.

"Past and to come seems best;
Things present worst."

Junior Geometry.

"Behold the child among his new-born
blisses;
A six years darling of a pigmy size."

Ralph Abbott.

"As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

Charles Hutchins.

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Alice Swan.

"Regard not the figure young man; look
at the heart;
The heart of a woman is sometimes de-
formed."

Winfield Wight.

"He that feels
No love for women, has no heart for them,
Nor friendship, nor affection! he is foe

To all the finer feelings of the soul."

Guy Kendall.

"Soft heartedness in times like these
Shows softness in the upper story."

Francis Mills.

"Over the hills and far away."

Eddie Lawler.

"I believe he would make three bites of
a cherry."

Lawrence Philbrook.

"It is good to live and learn."

Ward Rounds.

"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."

Ruth Farrington.

"Search the world round, none can be
found
So happy as this little school-marm."

Miss Randall.

"The rankest compound of villainous
smell that ever offended nostrils."

Laboratory.

"True happiness, if understood,
Consists alone in being good."

Ella A. Garey.

"O, while you live, tell truth and shame
the devil."

Whisperers.

"I am not lean enough to be thought a
good student."

John Howe.

"I love my love because I know my love
loves me."

Elmon Jordan.

"Hitch your wagon to a comet."

Gladys Russell.

"They say he always did his best."

Joseph Deegan.

"None named her but to praise."

Miss Herrick.

"The true knight of learning."

Harold Rich.

"One could see she was wise the moment
one looked in her face."

Ruth Mason.



GOULD'S.

	R.	H.
Lawler, p., ss.,	1	1
Smith, c.,	1	3
Foster, 3b.,	0	2
Brown, 3b.,	0	0
Arno, 1b.,	0	3
Farnham, 2b.,	2	1
Rand, lf.,	0	1
Taylor, rf.,	1	1
Hutchins, cf.,	0	0
Conroy, cf.,	0	0
Russell. p., ss.,	0	1
Totals,	5	13

MECHANIC FALLS.

	R.	H.
McCann, ss.,	0	0
Whitman, 1b.,	0	0
Lord, c.,	0	1
Meserve, p.,	0	0
Campbell, 3b.,	0	0
Mains, 2b.,	0	0
Murray, cf.,	0	0
Rankin, lf.,	0	1
Goss, rf.,	0	0
Total,	0	2

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Gould's,	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Mc. Falls,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

SOUTH PARIS H. S. 3; GOULD'S 2.

On the following Saturday, Gould's went to South Paris, where luck seemed against them. Bad base running and inability to hit Rowe at the right time lost the game. The features were the fielding of Bartlett for So. Paris and of Rand and Russell for Gould's. Lawler fanned thirteen men.

The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	sh	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	3	1	0	0	1	14	0
Smith, c.,	3	0	1	0	13	0	0
Foster, 3b.,	3	0	1	1	1	0	1
Arno, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	4	0	1

ATHLETICS.

BASE BALL.

Gould's base ball season proved to be one of the most successful in many years. Her team was made up of good material, with few old members, but many promising new ones. A schedule of eleven games was arranged and at the end of the season it stood ten won and one lost.

MECHANIC FALLS H. S. 0, GOULD'S 5.

On Apr. 19th Gould's played the first game of the season with Mc. Falls. Our boys showed their spirit and contrary to the expectation of many bore away the laurels. Russell pitched a two hit game. The team fielded well.

The score.

Farnham, 3b.,	4	0	2	0	0	1	0
Young, ss.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Rand, lf.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Taylor, rf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Russell, cf.,	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
Totals,	31	2	5	1	24	17	3

SOUTH PARIS.

	ab	r	h	sh	po	a	e
Dunham, 3b.,	4	0	2	0	2	2	1
Titcomb, ss.,	4	2	1	1	3	1	0
Hathaway, c.,	4	0	1	0	11	1	1
Rowe, p.,	4	0	1	0	0	9	0
Howell, lb.,	4	0	0	0	5	0	0
Newton, cf.,	4	1	2	0	0	1	0
S. Davis, 2b.,	4	0	1	0	1	2	1
L. Davis, rf.,	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bartlett, lf.,	3	0	0	0	4	1	0
Totals,	34	3	9	0	26	17	3

Two base hits, Hathaway. Bases on balls, Gould's 1. Bases on hit by pitched balls, Gould's 1. Strike out, So. Paris 12; Gould's 9. Left on bases, Gould's 5; So. Paris, 6. Stolen bases, Gould's 2; So. Paris 3.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
South Paris,	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Gould's,	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0

NORWAY H. S. 1; GOULD'S 4.

On Apr. 29th, Gould's met Norway at So. Paris. It was a surprise to all when Gould's was victorious. The score was even until the seventh inning, when Gould's got three men on bases and Arno to bat. He knocked a three bagger and raised the score 4 to 1 in Gould's favor.

The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	5	2	2	2	1	0
Smith, c.,	5	1	2	13	0	0
Foster, 3b.,	4	0	3	1	0	1
Arno, lb.,	4	1	1	8	0	0
Farnham, 2b.,	4	0	1	6	2	0
Young, ss.,	4	0	0	0	0	1

Rand, lf.,	4	0	0	2	0	0
Taylor, rf.,	4	0	0	0	0	1
Russell, cf.,	5	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	39	4	9	30	3	3

NORWAY.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Barker, c.,	4	0	0	3	0	0
Russell, 2b.,	4	0	0	4	0	3
Haskell, 3b.,	4	0	0	2	0	0
McDaniels, lb.,	4	0	0	8	0	0
Dunham, cf.,	3	0	1	2	0	1
Yeaton, lf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Shepard, ss.,	3	1	1	2	0	0
Packard, rf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Faulkner, p.,	3	0	1	1	0	1
Totals,	31	1	3	22	0	5

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Gould's,	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1
Norway,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Three base hits, Arno. Hits off Faulkner, 9; off Lawler, 3. Double play, Gould's 1, Farnham to Arno. Bases on balls, Faulkner 1. Hit by pitcher, Gould's 1. Struck out by Lawler, 13; by Faulkner, 2. Umpire, Thompson.

BERLIN 0; GOULD'S 4.

The fourth game was played at Berlin. Although Gould's team was weakened by the loss of Foster and Farnham, it showed its fighting spirit and made victory possible. Lawler pitched a fine game and was well supported. Conroy excelled at the bat. In the fourth inning Young showed his ability in base running by stealing home.

The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	5	0	3	0	2	0
Russell, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	1	0
Smith, c.,	3	0	1	19	0	1
Arno, lb.,	3	0	0	4	0	1
Taylor, rf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0
Young, ss.,	4	2	0	2	0	0
Rand, 2b.,	4	1	3	2	2	1

in 8 2-3 innings; off Dohl, 1 in 1-3 inning. Base on balls, off Lawler, 2; off Stewart, 1. Hit by pitcher, Russell, Arno, by Stewart. Struck out by Lawler, 19; by Stewart, 10. Passed ball, Smith 1. Umpires, Carver and Graham.

TOWN TEAM 2; GOULD'S 16.

May 10th, the town boys picked a team and played the Gould's boys a practice game. The game lasted five and one half innings and Gould's came out victorious.

BRIDGTON ACADEMY 8; GOULD'S 11.

Gould's next met Bridgton who had one of her strongest teams and was fighting for State championship. In spite of this fact Gould's gained an easy victory. She outbatted and outplayed her opponents in every stage of the game. Pike was batted from the box and Holt did not fare much better.

The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	6	2	0	0	4	0
Farnham, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	2	0
Smith, c.,	6	3	3	12	0	0
Arno, 1b.,	5	3	2	9	1	2
Young, ss.,	5	1	2	0	2	0
Taylor, rf.,	6	0	2	1	1	0
Rand, lf.,	2	0	0	0	0	0
Conroy, cf.,	3	0	0	1	0	1
Russell, 3b.,	5	1	0	3	0	2
Totals,	42	11	10	27	10	5

BRIDGTON.

Dole, ss.,	4	2	2	3	2	1
Pike, p., 3b.,	5	1	2	0	2	1
Holt, 3b., p.,	5	2	1	0	0	0
Beals, 1b.,	5	1	0	6	1	3
Robbins, c.,	5	0	0	12	0	0
Haskell, rf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0

Mayberry, 2b.,	3	1	1	2	1	2
Ramsdell, cf.,	4	0	0	3	0	0
Stacy, lf.,	4	1	0	1	0	0
Totals,	30	8	7	27	6	7
Gould's,	4	2	0	0	1	1
Bridgton,	0	0	1	0	3	0

Two base hits, Dole, Pike, Smith. Three base hits, Dole 1, Mayberry 1, Smith 2, Arno 1. Double plays, Gould's 2, Bridgton 1. Base on balls, off Pike 8; off Lawler 2. Struck out, by Lawler 12; by Pike 6; by Holt 6.

SOUTH PARIS H. S. 2; GOULD'S 6.

May 20th Gould's played her first game at home with So. Paris. Stinging with her former defeat at the hands of her opponents, she went into the game with great determination. At the close the score stood in her favor.

The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	4	1	1	1	4	1
Farnham, 3b.,	4	0	1	3	2	1
Smith, c.,	4	1	1	10	1	0
Arno, 1b.,	4	1	2	6	0	0
Foster, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, 3b.,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Young, ss.,	4	0	2	3	0	3
Taylor, rf.,	3	1	1	2	0	0
Rand, lf.,	4	1	2	0	0	0
Russell, cf.,	2	1	0	2	2	1
Totals,	33	6	10	27	9	6

PARIS HIGH SCHOOL.

Dunham, 3b.,	5	0	1	2	2	0
Titcomb, ss.,	3	0	1	1	1	0
K. Witham, 1b.,	3	0	1	8	1	0
Rowe, p.,	5	1	1	0	5	1
F. Witham, rf.,	4	1	1	1	0	0
Newton, c.,	3	0	0	8	2	1

S. Davis, 2b.,	4	0	0	2	2	1
Bartlett, lf.,	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals,	35	2	5	24	15	3

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Gould's,	0	0	2	0	0	3	1	0	0	—6
Paris H. S.,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Two base hit, Rowe. Three base hit, Smith. Left on bases, Gould's 5; Paris H. S., 11. First base on errors, Gould's 2; Paris H. S., 4. Stolen bases, F. Witham, Lowell. Struck out by Lawler, 9; by Rowe, 7. First base on balls, by Lawler 5; by Rowe 2. Hit by pitcher, by Rowe Taylor. Wild pitches, Rowe. Umpires, Hastings and Wheeler.

BERLIN H. S. 3; GOULD'S 11.

May 24th, Berlin came to Bethel for the second home game, and was defeated by a score of 11 to 3. The game was played in a drizzling rain and was very uninteresting after the fifth inning. At the end of the eighth Berlin gave up hopelessly beaten.

The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	5	3	1	0	1	0
Farnham, 2b.,	5	1	1	3	0	0
Smith, c.,	2	1	0	10	3	0
Arno, lb.,	5	2	2	5	0	0
Foster, 3b.,	3	2	0	0	2	0
Brown, 3b.,	2	0	0	0	1	0
Young, ss.,	5	1	1	1	1	0
Rand, lf.,	4	1	1	0	0	0
Taylor, rf.,	4	0	3	1	0	1
Russell, cf.,	4	0	0	4	0	0
Totals,	39	11	9	24	8	1

BERLIN.

Light, 3b.,	4	0	1	2	0	2
Smith, ss.,	1	2	0	1	1	1
McGee, c.,	4	1	1	8	2	1
Lee, lb.,	4	0	1	6	0	1
Stewart, p.,	4	0	1	1	4	3
Dane, p.,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gonya, rf.,	4	0	1	0	0	1

Hodgdon, c.,	3	0	1	0	0	0
Fancy, lf.,	2	0	0	1	0	1
Whitten, 2b.,	3	0	0	2	1	2

Totals,

	29	3	6	21	8	12
Gould's,	1	0	0	0	1	1
Berlin,	2	0	0	0	0	0

Two base hits, Arno 2, Rand. Three base hit, Lawler. Passed ball, McGee. Bases on balls, Berlin 3; Gould's 4. Struck out by Lawler, 8; by Stewart, 5. Left on bases, Gould's 9; Berlin 5.

GOULD'S 8; BRIDGTON ACADEMY 5.

On May 27th a very exciting game was played with Bridgton. In the middle of the contest it looked like defeat for Gould's, but our boys got their eyes open and won. Pike was again batted from the box by Gould's heavy batters.

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	4	1	0	2	11	1
Farnham, 2b.,	4	0	0	5	0	0
Smith, c.,	4	1	1	3	4	0
Arno, lb.,	4	1	1	16	0	0
Brown, 3b.,	2	0	1	0	0	1
Foster, 3b.,	3	0	1	0	1	2
Young, ss.,	5	1	1	0	3	0
Taylor, rf.,	5	2	0	1	0	0
Rand, lf.,	4	0	1	0	0	0
Russell, cf.,	2	1	0	1	0	0
Totals,	48	8	6	27	19	4

BRIDGTON ACADEMY.

Dole, ss.,	4	1	1	1	0	2
Beals, 2b.,	4	0	0	2	2	2
Pike, p., 3b.,	4	2	0	6	1	2
Robbins, c.,	4	2	0	6	1	2
Rand, lb.,	4	1	2	1	0	0
Mayberry, rf.,	3	0	0	2	0	0
Stacy, lf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Ramsdell, cf.,	3	0	0	1	0	0
Holt, 3b., p.,	3	0	0	0	5	1
Totals,	32	5	5	24	9	8

Two base hits, Young, Rand. Base on balls, Smith, Farnham, Arno, Robbins. Struck out by Pike 5, by Lawler 3. Wild pitches, Pike. Hit by pitched ball, P. Russell. Umpire, Hastings. Scorer, Davis.

NORWAY H. S. 2; GOULD'S 14.

June 4th Norway returned the game played April 29th and was handed an overwhelming defeat. This made Gould's ninth straight victory. The score:

GOULD'S.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	5	1	2	0	6	0
Farnham, 2b.,	5	3	2	1	4	1
Smith, c.,	4	3	1	8	2	0
Arno, 1b.,	5	3	3	13	0	0
Foster, 3b.,	5	3	2	1	2	2
Young, ss.,	4	1	4	2	1	1
Taylor, rf.,	5	0	2	0	0	0
Rand, lf.,	5	0	0	1	0	0
Russell, cf.,	4	0	2	1	0	0
Totals,	42	14	18	27	15	4

NORWAY H. S.

Barker, c.,	4	0	0	9	1	0			
Haskell, 3b.,	4	0	0	4	0	1			
Yeaton, lf.,	4	0	0	2	1				
Russell, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	2	1			
Dunham, cf.,	4	1	3	0	1	1			
Faulkner, 1b.,	4	0	2	8	1	1			
Packard, ss.,	4	0	1	0	0	1			
Shepard, rf.,	3	0	0	0	1	0			
Stephens, p.,	3	0	0	0	7	0			
	—	—	—	—	—	—			
Totals,	34	2	7	24	14	5			
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Gould's,	4	0	0	0	1	0	5	4	x—14
Norway,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Two base hits, Arno 2, Young, Dunham, Faulkner 2. Left on bases, Gould's 5, Norway 5. Bases on balls, off Lawler 6; off Stephens 1. Struck out by Lawler 7; by Stephens 5. Time, 1 hour. Umpire, Wight.

ALUMNI 3; GOULD'S 6.

Gould's scored her tenth victory by defeating the Alumni in a very interesting game. Robertson and Twaddle were battery for the Alumni. The townspeople were much interested and favoring the Alumni cheered loudly, but Gould's refused to become rattled and played steady ball. Young fielded a good game.

GOULD'S.

The score:

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Lawler, p.,	4	1	2	1	4	2
Farnham, 2b.,	4	1	1	2	0	0
Smith, c.,	3	1	1	12	2	1
Arno, 1b.,	4	2	3	7	0	1
Young, ss.,	4	0	2	2	0	0
Foster, 3b.,	3	0	0	2	1	0
Taylor, rf.,	4	1	0	0	0	0
Rand, lf.,	4	0	1	1	0	0
Judkins, cf.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Russell,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	36	6	10	27	7	4

ALUMNI.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Littlehale, 2b.,	2	0	0	3	3	0
Thurston, cf.,	4	1	1	2	0	0
Twaddle, c.,	4	1	3	8	1	1
Brown, 3b.,	4	1	0	2	3	0
Robertson, p.,	3	0	1	2	1	0
Keene, 1b.,	4	0	1	9	0	1
Richardson, ss.,	4	0	1	0	0	2
Finney, rf.,	3	0	1	0	1	1
Pingree, lf.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	32	3	8	27	9	4

Two base hits, Lawler, Twaddle 2. Three base hit, Young. Hit by pitched ball, Littlehale, by Lawler. Struck out by Lawler, 12; by Robertson 6. Left on bases, Gould's 6; Alumni 6.

SUMMARY OF GAMES, 1911.

Date	Club	Runs	B. H.	E.	Pitcher	Club	Runs	B. H.	E.	Pitcher
Apr. 19	G. A.	15	14	2	{ Lawler Russell }	Mc Falls	0	2	4	{ Meserve Whitman }
Apr. 22	G. A.	2	5	3	Lawler	S. Paris	3	9	3	Rowe
Apr. 29	G. A.	4	10	3	Lawler	Norway	1	3	5	Faulkner
May 6	G. A.	4	12	4	Lawler	Berlin	0	3	9	{ Stewart Dole }
May 13	G. A.	11	10	4	Lawler	Bridgton	8	7	7	{ Pike Holt }
May 10	G. A.	16	13	3	{ Lawler Russell }	Town T.	2	5	7	{ Brown Stowell }
May 20	G. A.	6	6	2	Lawler	S. Paris	2	3	6	Rowe
May 24	G. A.	11	9	1	Lawler	Berlin	3	6	12	{ Stewart Dole }
May 27	G. A.	8	6	4	Lawler	Bridgton	5	5	8	{ Pike Holt }
May 31	G. A.	8	8	3	Russell	La Rue	3	6	6	Naugh
June 3	G. A.	14	18	4	Lawler	Minstrels				
June 9	G. A.	10	6	4	Lawler	Norway	2	7	5	Stevens
						Alumni	3	8	4	Robertson

BATTING AVERAGES:

Rand 201	Arno 386	Lawler 271	Russell 200	Young 361	Farnham 230 1-4
Brown 333 1-4	Judkins 213 1-4	Smith 325	Taylor 260 1-3	Foster 400	Conroy 200

BOYS' BASKET BALL.

Gould's 21, Hanover 8.

The outlook for a victorious basket ball team at Gould's is very bright. Although only one man remains from last year's team, yet, under the leadership of Captain Young the team is rounding into splendid condition. For the new men Bowler and Farnham are showing up splendidly and Cummings and Clark are filling their positions in fine shape. With Foster and Philbrook back in the game next term, we are assured of a fast team.

The first game of the season was played with Hanover, Nov. 3, at the G. A. Gymnasium, three of the Hanover team being former Gould's men. However, the superiority of Gould's team is evident from the score.

Gould's.	Hanover.
Bowler, lf.,	lf., T. Brown, Russell.
Young, rf.,	rf., Smith.
Cummings, c.,	c., Davis.
Clark, lg.,	lg., Richardson.
Farnham, rg.,	rg., A. Brown.

Summary:

Goals from field; Young 5, Bowler 3, Farnham 1, Davis 1, T. Brown 1, Smith 1, Russell 1. Goals from fouls; Young 3. Referee, Philbrook. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Moore.

The second game of the season was played with the Bethel Town Team. Nov. 10, victory again coming to Gould's, although the game was fast and interesting throughout.

Gould's 17; Town Team 10.

Gould's.	Town Team.
Bowler, lf.,	lf., Chapman.
Young, rf.,	rf., Hall.
Cummings, c.,	c., A. Taylor.
Clark, lg.,	lg., Buck.
Farnham, rg.,	rg., P. Taylor, Littlehale.

Summary:

Goals from field; Bowler 4, Cummings 2, Farnham 2, Chapman 3, A. Taylor 1, P. Taylor 1. Goals from fouls; Young 1. Referees, Herrick, Philbrook. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Moore.

The next game was played with Gorham High School, Nov. 17. Although it was an easy victory for Gould's, yet excitement ran high throughout the game and fine school spirit was shown by the students.

Gould's 52; Gorham High 8.

Gould's.	Gorham High.
Bowler, lf.,	lf., Hammond
Young, rf.,	rf., L. Newell.
Cummings, c.,	c., Morderson.
Clark, lg.,	lg., Audley.
Farnham, rg.,	rg., Harriman.

Summary:

Goals from floor; Young 9, Bowler 6, Cummings 3, Farnham 4, Clark 2, Hammond 2, Morderson 1. Goals from fouls; Young 4, Morderson 2. Referee, H. Hamlin. Umpire, Twaddle. Scorer, Pratt.

The following schedule has been arranged:

Dec. 29, Edward Little at Bethel.

Jan. 5, Gould's at Berlin.

Jan. 12, Gould's at Gorham.

Feb. 2, Morse High at Bethel.

Feb. 9, Berlin at Bethel.

Feb. 16, Gould's at Bridgton.

Feb. 22, Bridgton at Bethel.

Games on Dec. 22, Jan. 19, and 26 are being arranged.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

The girls assembled for basket ball the week after the mid-term examina-

tions, several weeks earlier than usual. Sixteen were out for practice the first night. The first team has organized as follows:—Gladys Russell, capt. and Miss Pratt, manager, by the election of last spring; Carrie King, centre, Maud Vail and Alice Swan forwards, Gladys Russell and Alice Kimball guards, Gladys Bartlett, substitute. The girls are proud of their new dark red suits with black sailor collars.

A Freshman team has been organized with Eva Bartlett as captain.

The first game of the season was played Nov. 17 at Bethel, with the Gorham High School, and resulted in a victory for Gould's, score 16 to 2.

Following is the line up:

Gould's 16; Gorham High School 2.

Gould's.	Gorham High.
A. Swan, rf.,	lg., Ryan.
M. Vail, lf.,	rg., Mason.
C. King, c.,	c., Barker.
G. Russell, lg.,	rf., R. Percival.
G. Bartlett, rg.,	lf., L. Percival.
S. Swan, sub.,	sub., Ridlon.

Goals from floor; Swan 1, Vail 1, R. Percival 1, King 5. Goals from fouls; King 2. Referee, Canning. Umpire, Martyn. Scorer, Pratt. Timer, Moore. Linesman, E. Bean.

OBITUARY.

Since the last issue of the Herald Gould's Academy has been called upon to mourn the loss by death of two respected members of its Board of Trustees.

ELI WIGHT BARKER.

Eli Wight Barker, son of Francis and Nancy Ingalls Barker was born in Bethel, Sept. 25, 1841, and grew to manhood in his native town, receiving his education in the public schools and Gould's Academy.

Mr. Barker settled upon his father's farm and became one of Bethel's prosperous and progressive farmers.

In February 1876 he married Miss Lydia U. Burnham, daughter of Pinckney Burnham, and by this union two sons were born, Guy Burnham, who graduated from Gould's Academy and who has held successful positions in Massachusetts, and is now the Secretary of one of the Country Clubs.

The second son, Philip Merton, also graduated from Gould's Academy and since the death of his father has charge of the old homestead, where he and his mother reside, and is the third generation to occupy the fine farm and pleasant home on the banks of the Androscoggin.

Mr. Barker was interested in the prosperity of his native town and her schools and for many years served as a trustee of the Academy. Months of failing health prevented active participation in public affairs, and when medical skill and tender care from wife and son failed to bring renewal of strength he never lost patience and courage, but entered the hospital, hoping for at least a respite and relief, but very soon the "silver cord was broken," and, as men count work, his was done. He left to young men the lesson of faithfulness to one's purpose, sure to bring natural prosperity and also the lesson of patience and courage when the "great testing time" comes.

E. W. C.

GILMAN PHILANDER BEAN.

It is in the belief that it voices, however imperfectly, the feeling of all who knew him that this appreciation of one whom we have loved and honored is offered.

The tall, erect figure, which neither years nor illness were permitted to bow; the dignified bearing; a certain

stately courtesy of manner which we are unfortunately accustomed to term old-timed; the keen and kindly glance, from the clear blue eyes,—that was the outer man whom we delighted to greet.

Clear insight, wise judgment, a large, fair-mindedness and marked discretion, based upon flawless integrity made him trusted and valued in all the affairs of life as few men are. He was quiet and unostentatious in his charities, but those who sought his aid went always with entire confidence in his ready and generous response to any need.

Many years ago he knew the loss of little children and the abiding sorrow of a strong heart had always its tender hold upon him. To those who sometimes were permitted to pass beyond the outward reserve of his nature there was revealed a glowing and chastened depth of emotion of which his perfect self restraint gave little hint.

In the seclusion of home life he gave perfect devotion to those who shared with him its happiness. It was here that one saw him at his best, in thoughtful and never failing consideration for others, and in the quiet play of humor whose light touch added to the charm of his companionship.

When release came to him from the physical limitations that had so fretted the brave spirit it brought to many a deep sense of sorrow. For they had known the strength of his loyal and trusted friendship. To all, the feeling that our little town had again suffered the loss of one of its chief ornaments. But since has come the realization that never was he so potently alive as now, never so strong the power of the high-erected character. He yet lives among us, and will live, in the blessed immortality of tender memories and ennobling influences.

M. C. H.



SCHOOL NOTES.

The beginning of each school year usually finds some changes in the faculty and this year is no exception. Mr. John H. Moore of Pennsylvania and Miss Miriam E. Herrick of Bethel taking the places of Mr. Frank P. Knight and Miss Jeannette L. Sturtevant of last year's faculty. While the absence of old teachers is always regretted, yet it is not often that new teachers have so quickly won the universal friendship and good will of the student body as have Mr. Moore and Miss Herrick. May they long remain connected with the school.

The first event of the school year was the reception given by the Seniors to the Freshman class on Wednesday evening of the second week of the term. The Gymnasium was gayly decorated in the Senior colors, and everything possible was done to make the young strangers feel at home amid their new surroundings. Games were enjoyed until ten o'clock, when the good nights were said.

Two very interesting lectures have been enjoyed during the term, given by Prof. George N. Cross, formerly President of Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H., now of New York City. Prof. Cross has been an annual visitor to Gould's in the capacity of lecturer for several years, and is always given an enthusiastic reception by the students. Both his lectures, "The Lion of

St. Marks," a lecture on Venice, and "Historic Cathedrals of England," closing with the "Coronation of King George," were beautifully illustrated and possessed great historical value. The lectures were held under the auspices of the Senior class.

The officers of the Undergraduate Association elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President,	Edwin L. Lawler.
Vice-President,	Winfield E. Wight.
Secretary,	Marian T. Pratt.
Treasurer,	Harold E. Rich.
Auditor,	Frank E. Hanscom.

BOARD OF CONTROL.

Frank E. Hanscom, Ex-officio,	
Edwin L. Lawler,	Lawrence E. Philbrook,
Winfield E. Wight,	Ralph H. Young,
Marian T. Pratt,	Gladys Russell,
Harold E. Rich,	Ernest C. Bowler, Jr.,
Mona L. Martyn,	Arthur S. Cummings,
John H. Moore,	Eva Bartlett,
Gladys Davis,	

The several classes have elected the following officers:

Seniors,

President,	Earle W. Farnham.
Vice-President,	Cleveland West.
Secretary,	Ruth I. Mason.
Treasurer,	Mona L. Martyn.

Juniors,

President,	Dana H. Grant.
Vice-President,	Eva M. Bean.
Secretary-Treasurer,	Sylvia Swan.

Sophomores,

President,	Perry W. Judkins.
Vice-President,	Marian Mansfield.
Secretary,	Percy Farnham.
Treasurer,	Wilfred C. Foster.

Freshmen,
President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Leo Cole.
Harrie Brown.
Doris Frost.
Evangeline Atherton.

One delightful afternoon in late October Principal Hanscom dismissed the school at half past two and told us we might have the remainder of the afternoon for our annual school walk. A committee was chosen to decide where to go, and it was decided to walk up Chapman Brook to the reservoir. A large party of merry young people, accompanied by several of the teachers, soon started from the Academy, but about half the number had fallen by the wayside before the reservoir was reached. Only a short rest was taken, when the homeward march was begun. Most of the stragglers were picked up on the return trip and we reached the village about six o'clock a tired and hungry, but nevertheless a happy band. The walk will be remembered by all who were present as one of the pleasantest events of the school year.

The following papers and periodicals are found in the Reading Room this year: Boston Daily Journal, Portland Daily Press, Lewiston Evening Journal, Berlin Reporter, Maine Farmer, Oxford County Citizen, Youth's Companion, Scientific American, Christian Endeavor World, Current Literature, World Today, Independent, Cosmopolitan, Success, Outlook, Review of Reviews, Maine Campus, Bowdoin Orient, Colby Echo, besides numerous secondary school publications.

THE ABANDONED MINE.

Dark and gloomy looms the mountain
With its hidden stores of ore;
Through its shafts and vacant tunnels
Weird and wild the winds do roar.
There it stands a somber sentinel
Keeping guard by day and night

O'er that drear, deserted village—
Oh! it is a lonesome sight.

And as through its streets we hastened
With a sense of chill and gloom,
Saw we tipsy looking fences
And the gardens, weed o'ergrown.
Glancing backward with a shiver
At the echoes sounding loud
Through our mind went many a fancy—
Where had fled that mining crowd?
Where were all the youths and maidens
And the priest with voice so low?
Where the smithy with his anvil
And his fire's ruddy glow?
Where the housewives, busy plying
All their implements of trade?
And the children with laughter,
Romping gay in sun or shade?

Where the grimy ore-stained miners
With a lamp, their pick or drill?
Tunnels long and lofty chamber
Show their labor and their skill.
What disaster overtook them,
From what evil have they fled?
Mine and village left as silent
As a city of the dead.

But the grim and stately mountain
Overlooking all the place
Has a dignity impassive
On his stony, rough, old face.
And he deigns us not an answer,
Yet the winds breathe forth a moan
Through the tunnels, as we hasten
From the village sad and lone.

—Addie Kendall Mason.

Note.—A friend of mine once passed through a deserted mining village in Vermont where a few years before there had been fifteen hundred inhabitants.

A. K. M.

THE HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL.

On the thirty-first of October, nineteen eleven,
At the Academy gym at just half past seven,
The queerest crowd that ever was seen
Came together to celebrate all Hallowe'en.

At the sound of the music guests of all kinds
and sizes

Formed on the march to compete for the
prizes.

Not one of them caring who looked the best,
The reward of prizes they'd leave for the
rest.

Milkmaids, cow boys and Indians were there,
Followed by Puritan maidens fair,
The western girl and the gypsies, too,
Black cats and witches, a blood-curdling
crew.

With two from colonial days dressed so fine,
Three funny clowns and a gay Columbine.
All these and more stepped into the line,
And this was the beginning of a jolly good
time.

The school entertainment we really must
mention,

It was listened to with closest attention.
Each one tried to do just the best that he
could,

And everyone said it was all very good.
First, a violin solo by the girl from the west,
Rendered in style, all agreed of the best.
Then those awful ghosts came into the hall,
And with horror we saw the Light Brigade
fall.

Then the minuet, with its stately measure,
Added much to the evening's pleasure.
This ended the short entertainment prepared,
And then games were played in which every-
one shared.

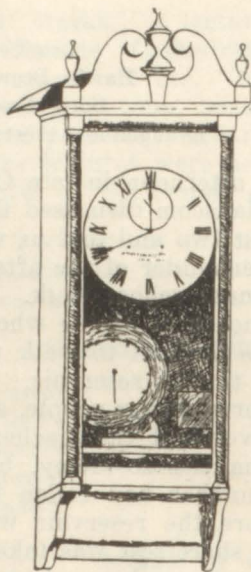
Apples were bobbed and fortunes related,
You could learn at once just what you were
fated.

The merry clowns made fun for us all,
As over each other they managed to fall.
The boys were all very anxious to flirt
With the "Actress Lady" in the harem skirt,
And the "Jack-o'-Lanterns winked at witch-
es on high

To see such actions right under their eye.
The games were played and enjoyed all right,
Too soon came the time to say "Good
Night,"

And the guests all agreed 'twas the best ever
seen,

The way we celebrated all Hallowe'en.



*Under
The
School
Clock*

"Yea-bo!"

—x x—

"All alone."

—x x—

"Hullo Fanny."

—x x—

"Now swear boys."

—x x—

"Ain't you funny?"

—x x—

Stop! Stop! Stop!

—x x—

"Bill, can you shoot?"

—x x—

O you undressed witch!

—x x—

"Catiline was a bad man."

—x x—

"Oh, I'll risk it."

—x x—

"If Brutus wore silk would Gladys
Russell?"

—x x—

Quite recently the Tiber River has
changed its course, and now flows
through Greece.

(According to C. R. W.)

"If I can't watch you play, you can't watch me."

—x x—

If Edith can't flirt will she ask John How(e)?

—x x—

Phys. Geog.:—A. K-d-a-l. What is the difference between a weather-bureau and a barometer?

—x x—

"If Mona was a ball would Ernest Bowl-er?"

—x x—

Eng. Student.—Shall we write the questions?

Miss R.—Yes, and the answers, too, please.

—x x—

If she were married would Mildred Boss-er-man?

—x x—

It seems rather queer to me how some of you young men can have your translations so well without knowing the meaning of any of the words.

(Mr. H. to the Caesar class.)

—x x—

If Brutus should lick Charlie would Kim-ball?

—x x—

Mr. H. "What does sentinam mean?"

Mr. W. "Well, I don't know, but he was a bad man anyway."

—x x—

"A city was snatched from Catiline's jaws." (Miss K. in Cicero.)

—x x—

A cellar is a hole in the ground.

Mr. B-r-l-e-t in Jr. Eng.

—x x—

Il embrasse un Swiss.

Trans.—He embarrassed a Swiss.

(Mr. Young.)

—x x—

Miss R.—"What is the meaning of the scold was gagged?"

Mr. W.—"In pioneer days a scold had a joke played on her."

Mr. H.—"I am afraid if you try to spread yourselves over too much surface you will be very thin in places."

—x x—

Teacher—"Is your German translation correct?"

Miss S—"Don't know, there are marks all over it."

—x x—

Wanted: Some provision for light in the entry leading from Assembly room to new recitation room. Darkness is bad for the eyes.

—x x—

Ger. class. Miss H—"Is it possible you have forgotten that, Mr. Mills?"

F. M.—"No, it's just gone from me."

—x x—

Miss Douglass was reading in English one day;

A difficult word appeared in her way. "Hard G," quoth Miss R.—meaning accent, you see.

"Hard G," read on Hazel, much to our glee.

—x x—

We wonder if that is a Shelburne tune West is constantly whistling.

—x x—

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Act 1.

Well known alumna to clown.—"Oh, I know you." (seizing him by the nose.)

"Why didn't you come down last night? Let me look in your eyes, Cassius."

Act 2.

Alumna, retreating in confusion, as she discovers the clown to be our own Mr. Moore.

—x x—

"A chiel's amang you taking notes, And, faith, he'll prent it."

—x x—

Question in Com. Arith.—Miss M. H. "How many are there in a head of horses?"

Soph. French Translation. 1—My friend has a pen holder.

Miss M. E. H.—“*Mon amie est un porte-plume.*”

2.—She has opened the door.

Miss V.—“*Elle est pres de la porte.*”

—x x—

Soph. Eng. Topic for Scene 2, Act 1 of Merchant of Venice. Portia's gentleman acquaintances. Miss V.

—x x—

By a new method introduced by Prof. Moore, a goodly number of the Soph. Geom. class write their proposition the first period of the P. M., in preference to giving them orally in the class.

—x x—

H. P. ought to make rapid advancement as he attends both the intermediate school and the Academy.

THE ANNUAL BOYS' CONFERENCE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Boys, don't forget the State Conference this year. It is worth thinking about. The boy who has never attended one of these conferences, has missed something worth while. There is help in them which we cannot tell you about; something one cannot conceive unless he has been present at one of these meetings.

The organization itself is doing wonderful work in the up-building of the character of our boys to-day. And a special effort is put forth to make these few days worth while to all young men who are interested enough in themselves to attend.

A certain young man of Portland, Maine, was, last year chosen as delegate to the conference, from one of the boys' clubs of that city. At first he refused to go, but was finally persuaded to do so. And the influence of that

meeting was the means of his going back to school, after being out for about five years.

“There was,” said he, “such an uplifting influence; something which prompted the desire to make myself as much of a man, as useful to the world, and as helpful to my fellow beings as is in my power to become.”

It is not wholly from listening to the speaking of some of the ablest men in New England, but the inspiration that comes from coming into close personal relation with a large body of the best boys of our State that carries one to higher levels, and makes him willing to put forth any effort to remain there.

The best arrangements possible are made, for a certain number of delegates from every boys' club, school, and Y. M. C. A., in the State. Everything except your car fare is free, including board and room. Special rates on the railroads are usually arranged for.

A. S. C., '14.

APHORISMS.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

Let him that would move the world first move himself.

Those who aim only at accomplishments will accomplish but little.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.

One lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.

Half the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

Punctuality is one of the characteristics of politeness. He who does not keep his appointments promptly, is unfit for the society of gentlemen, and will soon find himself shut out from it.



EXCHANGES.

We regret that our exchange list is not larger, but are cheered by the hope that many more may be added before our next issue. There are a few which never fail us, and we are glad to welcome them again this year.

Up to the time of this publication, the following have been received:

"The Maine Campus,"

"The Colby Echo,"

"The Bates Student,"

from our Maine colleges, filled with very interesting things pertaining to college life, which our students read with much interest.

Also, "The Hebron Semester," is one of the papers that is almost always found in our exchange list. It is with pleasure that we welcome this paper again this year. The appearance of the paper and arrangement of its contents are among the best. "The Red Card" is a very interesting detective story.

The E. L. H. S. "Oracle" we are glad to find on our library table once more. The October number contains some very good short stories. Brief sketches, full of life, like these, are much more appropriate for a school paper than long ones. The arrange-

ment of its contents is very good and the advertisements show that the business manager was not asleep at his post. We hope this paper will continue to exchange with us.

For him who is interested in the woods, there is nothing more desirable to read, than "In The Woods With Dr. Long," found in the November number of the "Good Will Record." We are always ready to welcome Mr. Hinekley's paper to our school.

"The Clavis" (Jay High School), we are glad to still have on our exchange list. We find some very interesting articles in this paper. Some criticism, however, we would make concerning the advertisements, which, it seems to us, should be placed in the back of the paper instead of on the first few pages.

It is through these exchange columns that we expect help from other schools in making our paper the right thing. We like to know how it looks to others, therefore, we ask for criticisms. We feel that this is a means by which we may help each other.

We are informed by a careful and conservative representative of labor that seven-tenths of the team drivers in Boston who smoke at all smoke cigarettes, rather than pipes, and that the percentage of cigarette smokers is increasing. He does not attempt to account for it.

A citizen and voter who is connected with the collection department of the city, when asked why he and his fellows smoked cigarettes, replied:

"We do it for health's sake. The air is full of germs. New germs are being discovered every day. Cigarette smoke kills germs. If weak men smoke cigarettes it kills them as well as the germs, but, being strong, we are not injurious-

ly affected. That's one reason. There's another. Ten years ago all the dudes were smoking cigarettes and we were smoking pipes. Then the dudes began to die off so fast that they took to pipes. Naturally, being men, we couldn't smoke what the dudes smoked, so we turned to cigarettes.—Ex.

COMMENCEMENT, 1911.

On June 4th, began the Commencement exercises of the Class of 1911, G. A., with the preaching of the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. Mr. Banghart of Bethel. As is usual the school attended in a body, meeting at the Academy and then marching to the church. The church was becomingly decorated in the class colors, gold and blue. The discourse contained many valuable hints for the young people who were about to leave their Alma Mater to begin a life of new experiences. Music specially prepared under the direction of Dr. I. H. Wight, was very impressive and inspiring.

GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The graduation exercises, always so much anticipated by the people of Bethel and the adjoining towns, took place in Odeon Hall, Thursday, June 8th. The graduating class was the largest in the history of the school.

The hall was beautifully decorated. On the walls hung the banners of the present and also the former classes. The rear of the stage was a solid bank of evergreen, upon which were displayed the class numerals. More noticeable than all, appeared the class motto, "Certum Pete Finem."

To the music of Pettengill's orchestra, the students were marshalled to their seats by Lawrence Philbrook, of the class of '12.

In a manner which showed careful

preparation and much ability the following programme was delivered:

PROGRAMME.

March.

Invocation.

Music.

Salutatory,

LESLIE ERNEST DAVIS.

Athens Under Pericles,

*MAE EVA CROSS.

Our Present Opportunities,

DANIEL CLINTON BENNETT.

Unknown Heroes,

*EOLA MARIE SWAN.

Address To Undergraduates,

IRVING RUSSELL HARRIMAN.

Music.

Class History,

IDA MAE PACKARD.

Child Labor,

*FREEBORN BARTLETT BEAN.

Class Oration,—Certum Pete Finem,

ORLANDO PARKER RUSSELL.

Athletics,

*HARRY J. RAND.

Friendship,

*BERTHA MYRTLE THURSTON.

Presentation of Class Gift,

HELEN MAE SPENCER.

Acceptance of Gift.

Music.

My Favorite Author,

*ALICE MARY SMITH.

Class Will,

THOMAS ISRAEL BROWN.

Aerial Navigation,

*ESHBORN OSCAR JUDKINS.

Famous Women of History,

*LULA BESSIE CUMMINGS.

Will It Pay?

*ROY DAVID THURSTON.

Class Prophecy,

ALTA WINONA SMITH.

Music.

Perseverance,

*MILDRED ANGIE CHAPMAN.

Modern Inventions,

*CARL LESLIE BROWN.

Presentation of Gifts to Class,

EDNA MAE BARTLETT.

Liquid Air,

*IVAN WINFIELD ARNO.

Fifty Years Hence,

*BLANCHE WINNIFRED RICHARDSON.

Valedictory Address,

MARY CONSTANCE STANLEY.

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Singing Class Ode.

Benediction.

*Excused.

CLASS ODE.

Alice Mary Smith.

(Air: Love's Old Sweet Song.)

Our happy school days all are o'er at last,
 But to us all come mem'ries of the past.
 Duty now is calling to a broader way,
 Hence we must sing our parting song today;
 And though we leave these halls to us so
 dear,

Long will our thoughts in mem'ry linger here.

CHORUS.

Just a song at parting, friends and school-
 mates dear,

Just a song at parting, while we linger here;
 Gould's, our Alma Mater, we'll remember
 long,

And whene'er we gather, sing Gould's old
 song,

Sing Gould's dear old song.

Though here at Gould's our lessons are all
 done,

In life's great school, our work is just be-
 gun.

If through it all we "seek a certain end,"
 Heaven will at last its richest blessings send;
 And till the end, when life's dim shadows
 fall,

We'll keep Gould's memories, loved by us all.

CHORUS.

CONCERT.

On the evening after graduation, the Commencement concert was given by the Orphean Quintette of Lewiston, assisted by Miss Florence Eaton, reader and impersonator, of Boston, Mass. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed by all.

RECEPTION.

Friday evening a highly enjoyed reception was given. Mrs. A. E. Herrie, Mrs. F. L. Edwards, Mrs. E. C. Park, Prof. and Mrs. Hanscom, Miss M. T. Pratt, and the members of the graduating class were in the receiving line. From 9:30 to 11 o'clock a brief order of dances was enjoyed. Then the final farewells were said, and the class of 1911 realized for the first time that school-days at dear old Gould's were ended.

KNOWLEDGE.

So many Aprils went away

Before I learned one little part

Of all the joy each fragile day

Hid in its heart.

So many Summers hastened by

Before I caught their secret spell,

And read in bloom and leaf and sky

Life's miracle.

Would that Youth's eye could see the grace

And wonder of the drifting years

Grown old, their loveliness we trace

Through blinding tears.

Charles Hanson Towne.

Work for the good that is highest;

Dream not of greatness afar:

That glory is ever the highest

Which shines upon men as they are.

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The advertisements in this book make the book possible from a financial standpoint, hence it is only fair to all concerned that the students patronize our advertisers whenever it is possible to do so. The firms here listed stand among the best, and we confidently recommend them as worthy of your patronage.

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Now is the time to subscribe, for you will receive free from the time your \$1.75 is received all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1911, containing the opening chapters of Ralph D. Paine's great serial story of the Boxer rebellion, "The Cross and the Dragon." And there is the gift of The Companion Calendar for 1912, "On the New England Coast," lithographed in ten colors and gold. Only \$1.75 now for the 52 weekly issues, but on January 1, 1912, the subscription price will be advanced to \$2.00.

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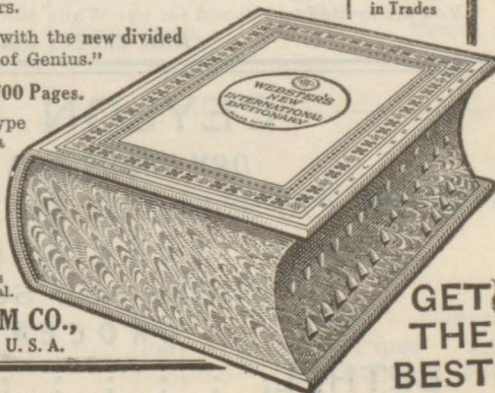
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The snappiest suits, the swellest overcoats, that have ever been shown anywhere by anybody!

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